

Evenings Amusement.

THE
JOVIAL COMPANION.
CONTAINING
A GOOD COLLECTION
OF
SONGS.



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Evenings Amusement.

Rise, Columbia.

WHEN first the sun o'er ocean glow'd,
And earth unveil'd her virgin breast,
Supreme mid nature's vast abode,
Was heard the Almighty's dread behest.
Rise Columbia, brave and free,
Poize the globe and bound the sea.

In darkness wrapp'd, with fetters chain'd,
Will ages grope, debas'd and blind,
With blood the human hand be stain'd;
With tyrant power, the human mind.
Rise, Columbia, &c.

But lo, across th' Atlantic floods,
The star-directed pilgrim sails!
See! sell'd by commerce, float thy woods,
And cloath'd by Ceres, waves thy vales!
Rise, Columbia, &c.

In vain shall thrones, in arms combin'd,
The sacred rights I gave, oppose:
In thee, th' asylum of mankind,
Shall welcome nations find repose.
Rise, Columbia, &c.

Nor yet, tho' skill'd, delight in arms ;
 Peace and her offspring arts be thine,
 The face of freedom scarce has charms,
 When on her cheeks no dimples shine,
 Rise, Columbia, &c.

While fame, for thee her wreath entwines
 To bless thy nobler triumph prove,
 And though the Eagle haunts thy Pines,
 Beneath thy willows shield the Dove.
 Rise, Columbia, &c.

When bolts the flame, or whelms the wave,
 Be thine to rule the wayward hour :
 Bid Death unbar the watery Grave,
 And Vulcan yield to Neptune's pow'r.
 Rise, Columbia, &c.

Rever'd in arms, in peace humane ;
 No shore, nor realm shall bound thy sway
 While all the virtues own thy reign,
 And all subject elements obey.
 Rise, Columbia, brave and free,
 Bless the Globe, and rule the Sea.

The Village Holiday.

Glimm'ring in the glowing west,
 While the ev'ning shades prevail,
 Phœbus gently sinks to rest ;
 And the moon with visage pale,

Kindly smiling o'er the plain,
 Bids rejoice each nymph and swain.

Bless'd within the chequer'd shade,
 While his flock is safe at rest,
 Hark ! the shepherd's pipe is play'd---
 Rapture glowing in his breast,
 While sweet Philomela's throat,
 Soft returns each varied note.

Night with all her sable train,
 Hastens with a solemn pace,
 Ev'ry nymph, and ev'ry swain,
 Now their happy cottage trace ;
 Thus concludes the birth of May,
 And the Village Holiday.

Sweet Poll of Plymouth.

SWEET Poll of Plymouth was my dear,
 when forced from her to go.
 A down her cheeks ran many a tear,
 my heart was fill'd with woe ;
 Our anchor weigh'd for sea we flood,
 the land we left behind,
 Her tears then swell'd the briny flood,
 my sighs increas'd the wind.
 We plough'd the deep, and now between
 now lay the ocean wide,
 For five long years I have not seen
 my sweet bonny bride ;

That time I sail'd the world around,
 all for my true love's sake,
 But press'd as homeward we were bound,
 I thought my heart would brake.
 The press gang bold I ask'd in vain,
 to set me once on shore,
 I long'd to see my Poll again,
 but saw my Poll no more;
 And have they torn away my love,
 and is he gone?...she cry'd.
 My Poll the sweetest flower of May,
 then languish'd, droop'd, and dy'd.

The Return of poor Jack.

WHat cheer, my dear Poll, did'nt I tell
 you as how,
 That perhaps I should laughing come back;
 Now you plainly perceive that my words
 have come true,
 So accept a salute from Poor Jack.

My heart's rig'd with truth, and my hon-
 esty right,
 Not a strip of false colours I wear;
 And the compass of love has directed me right
 To be bless'd with the charms of my fair.

So d'ye see that the chaplain may splice us
 in one,
 Let me steer thee to hymen's kind shore,

For Jack is resolv'd until that shall be done,
 To depart from his Poll no more.

Let your fine courtly lubbers palaver and
 boast.

Who ne'er sail'd on sincerity's main,
 Let 'em cowardly skulk upon flattery's coast,
 Such buccanier swabs I disdain.

It ne'er shall be said that Jack has yet to
 learn

How to guard such a comfort as you;
 Do you think I'll croud convales and drop
 you astern?

No! shiver my jib if I do.

So now, my dear girl, let me take you in tow
 Since I'm safe anchor'd on shore;
 For until 'fore the chaplain I've plighted
 my vow,

I'll part from my Polly no more.

Let the mild breeze of virtue still waft
 thee through life,

By the helm of fair constancy steer,
 Nor the rocks, nor the shoals, nor the
 quick-sands of strife,

Start my planks, if you ever need fear;

Cause why d'ye mind, while that little
 sweet youth

(3)

Sits smiling on watch up above,
Can the tempest of fate snap the cable of
truth,
Or drag from the anchor of love.

So coil up your doubts, my sweet charmer,
nor think
To be wreck'd on misfortune's lee shore ;
Should adversity board us, together we'll sink
Ah ! never to part any more.

O my shipmates, remember, our chaplain
would say,
On his log-book he preach'd to us oft,
There's a mighty Commander, whom all
must obey,
That will order good christians aloft.

Then, avast my dear girl, swab the lights
of your face,
Don't let sniv'ling your pleasure annoy ;
O my timbers ! I like not squals to take
place,
On the smooth bosom'd ocean of joy.

Bear a hand then, my love, with the cur-
rent of bliss,
Let's be stretching for hymen's kind shore
For until we're united, depend upon this
I'll depart from my Polly no more.

(9)

The Fisher.

IN gurgling eddies roll'd the tide,
The wily angler sat,
Its verdant willow'd bank beside,
And spread the treach'rous bait,
Reclin'd he sat in careless mood ;
The floating quill he eyes ;
When rising from the op'ning flood,
A humid maid he spies :

She sweetly sung, she sweetly said,
As gaz'd the wond'ring swain ;
" Why thus with murd'rous arts invade
" My placid harmless reign !
" Ah, didst thou know, how blest, how free
" The finny miriads stray,
" Thou'dst long to dive the limpid sea,
" And live as blest as they.

" The sun, the lovely queen of night,
" Beneath the deep repair ;
" And thence, in streamy lustre bright,
" Returns more fresh and fair.
" Nor tempts thee yon ætherial space,
" Beting'd with liquid blue !
" Nor tempts thee not thy pictur'd face,
" To bathe in worlds of dew !"

The tide in gurgling eddies rose,
It reach'd his trembling feet :

His heart with fond impatience glows
 The promis'd joys to meet.
 So sung the soft, the winning fair ;
 Alas ! ill-fated swain !
 Half dragg'd, half pleas'd, he sinks with her
 And ne'er was seen again !

The humble Roof.

When first the humble roof I knew,
 With various cares I strove,
 My grain was scarce, my sheep were few,
 My all of life was love.
 Mutual toil our board was dress'd ;
 The spring our drink bestow'd ;
 But when her lip the brim had press'd,
 The cup with nectar flow'd.

Content and peace the dwelling shar'd,
 No other guest came nigh,
 In them was given, tho' gold was spar'd,
 What gold could never buy.
 No value has a splendid lot,
 But as the means to prove,
 That from the castle to the cot,
 The all of life is love.

The Derbyshire Miller and his three Sons.

There was a miller liv'd in Derbyshire,
 He had three sons, as you shall hear ;

He had three sons, as you shall find,
 To take what the old man left behind.

O then he call'd his oldest son,
 Saying, my glass is almost run,
 And if to you my mills I make,
 Tell me what toll you intend to take ?

Honour'd father, my name is Jack,
 Out of ev'ry bushel I'll take a peck,
 Out of ev'ry bushel that I do grind,
 So that a poor man a good living may find.

You fool, you fool, the old man said,
 You have not learnt the miller's trade,
 Therefore to you the mills I'll not give,
 For by that toll no poor man may live.

O then he call'd his second son,
 Saying, my glass is almost run,
 And if to you my mills I make,
 Tell me what toll you intend to take ?

Honour'd father, my name is Ralph,
 Out of ev'ry bushel I'll take half.
 Out of ev'ry bushel that I do grind,
 So that a poor man a good living may find.

You fool, you fool, the old man said,
 You have not learnt the miller's trade,
 Therefore to you the mills I'll not give,
 For by that toll no poor man can live.

O then he call'd his youngest son,
 Saying, my glass is almost run,
 And if to you my mills I make,
 Tell me what toll you intend to take ?

Honour'd father, I am your youngest son
 In taking toll is all my fun,
 Before I will a good living lack,
 I'll take all the corn and swear to the sack.

You are my son, the old man said,
 For you have learnt the miller's trade;
 With you the mills shall still abide,
 And then he clos'd his eyes and dy'd.

Major Andre's Soliloquy.

Return ye raptur'd hours,
 When Delia's heart was mine;
 When she with wreaths of flow'rs,
 My temples did entwine.

No jealousy, nor care,
 Corroded in my breast;
 But visions light as air,
 Presided o'er my rest.

But now around my couch,
 No airy visions play;
 No flowers deck my brow—
 Each weary'd holiday.

For far from these sad plains,
 The lovely Delia flies;
 While wreck'd with jealous pains...
 The wretched Andre... dies.

HAIL COLUMBIA.

Hail Columbia! happy land!
 Hail ye heroes, heaven-born band,
 Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
 Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
 And when the storm of war was gone
 Enjoy'd the peace your valor won...
 Let Independence be our boast,
 Ever mindful what it cost;
 Ever grateful for the prize,
 Let its altar reach the skies.
 Firm, united let us be,
 Rallying round our Liberty;
 As a band of brothers join'd,
 Peace and safety we shall find:

Immortal Patriots! rise once more,
 Defend your rights, defend your shore;
 Let no rude foe with impious hand,
 Let no rude foe with impious hand,
 Invade the shrine where sacred lies,
 Of toil and blood, the well-earn'd prize.
 While offering peace, sincere and just,
 In Heaven we fix a manly trust,
 That truth and justice will prevail;
 And every scheme of bondage fail...
 Firm, united let us be,
 Rallying, &c.

Sound. found the triumph of fame,
 Let Washington's great name

Ring round the world with loud applause,
 Ring round the world with loud applause,
 Let ev'ry clime to freedom dear,
 Listen with a joyful ear,
 With equal skill, with god-like power,
 He governs in the fearful hour
 Of horrid war, or guides with ease,
 The happier times of honest peace.
 Firm, united let us be,
 Rallying, &c.

Behold the Chief who now commands,
 Once more to serve his country stands.
 The rock on which the storm will beat,
 The rock on which the storm will beat,
 But arm'd in virtue, firm and true,
 His hopes are fix'd on Heaven and You.
 When hopes was sinking in dismay,
 When glooms obscur'd Columbia's day,
 His steady mind, from changes free,
 Resolv'd on Death or Liberty.
 Firm, united let us be,
 Rallying round our Liberty ;
 As a band of brothers join'd,
 Peace and safety we shall find.

The Sailor Boy.
THE sea was calm, the sky serene,
 And gently blew the eastern gale,
 When Anna seated on a rock,

Watch'd the Livona's lefs'ning sail ;
 To heaven she thus her pray'r address'd,
 Thou who canst save, or canst destroy,
 From each surrounding danger guard,
 My much lov'd little sailor boy.

When tempests o'er the ocean howl,
 And even sailors shrink with dread,
 Be some protecting angel near
 To hover round my William's head :
 He was belov'd by all the plain,
 His father's pride, his mother's joy.
 Then safely to their arms restore
 Their much lov'd little sailor boy.

May no rude foe his course impede ;
 Conduct him safely o'er the waves ;
 O may he never be compell'd
 To fight for power, or mix with slaves :
 May smiling peace his steps attend,
 Each rising hour be crown'd with joy,
 As blest as that when I again
 Shall meet my much lov'd sailor boy.

Nancy, or the Sailor's Journal.

TWAS past meridian half past four,
 By signal I from Nancy parted ;
 At six she linger'd on the shore,
 With uplift hands, and broken hearted :

At seven, while taughtening the fore-stay,
I saw her faint, or else 'twas fancy;
At eight we all got under way,
And bid a long adieu to Nancy.

Night came on, and now eight bells had rung,
While careles Sailors, ever cheary,
On the mid watch so jovial sung,
With tempers labour cannot weary.

I little to their mirth inclined,
While tender thoughts rushed on my fancy,
And my warm sighs increas'd the wind,
Look'd on the moon, and thought of Nancy.

And now arrived that jovial night,
When every true bred tar carouses,
When, o'er the grog, all hands delight
To toast their sweethearts and their spouses.

Round went the can, the jest, the glee,
While tender wishes filled each fancy;
And when, in turn, it came to me,
I heav'd a sigh, and toasted Nancy.

Next morn a storm came on at four,
At six, the elements in motion,
Plung'd me and three poor Sailors more
Headlong within the foaming ocean.

Poor wretches! they soon found their graves,
For me, it may be only fancy,
But love seem'd to forbid the waves
To snatch me from the arms of Nancy.

Scarce the foul hurricane was cleared,
Scarce winds and waves had ceased to rattle,
When a bold enemy appeared,
And, dauntless, we prepared for battle.

And now, while some loved friend or wife,
Like lightning, rushed on every fancy,
To Providence I trusted life,
And put up a prayer, and thought on Nancy

At last, 'twas in the month of May,
The crew, it being lovely weather,
At three, A. M. discovered day,
And England's chalky cliffs together.

At seven, up channel how we bore,
While hopes and fear rush'd on my fancy,
At twelve I gayly jumped ashore,
And to my throbbing heart pressed Nancy.

The Ploughman turn'd Sailor.

I That once was a ploughman, a sailor am now,
No lark that aloft in the sky
Ever flutter'd his wings, to give speed to the plough
Was so gay and so careless as I.
But my friend was a carfido aboard a king's ship,
And ask'd me just to go to sea for a trip.

And he talk of such things,
As if sailors were kings,

And so teasing did keep,

That I left my poor plough to go ploughing the deep
No longer the horn

Call'd me up in the morn.

I trusted the carfido, and the inconstant wind,
That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.
I did not much like for to be aboard the ship,
When in danger, there's no door to creep out.
I lik'd the jolly tars, I lik'd bumbo and flip,
But I did not like the rocking about.
By-and-by came a hurricane, I did not like that,
Next a battle, that many a sailor laid flat.

Ah! cry'd I, who would roam,
 That like me had a home,
 Where I'd sow, and where I'd reap,
 Ere I left my poor plough to go ploughing the deep
 When sweetly the horn
 Call'd me up in the morn.
 At last safe I landed, and in a whole skin,
 Nor did I make any longer stay,
 Ere I found by a friend, who I ask'd for my kin,
 Father dead, and my wife ran away.
 Ah! who but thyself, said I, hast thou to blame,
 Wives losing their husbands oft lose their good
 name.

Ah! why did I roam,
 When so happy at home,
 I could sow and could reap,
 Ere I left my poor plough, to go ploughing the deep
 When so sweetly the horn
 Call'd me up in the morn.
 Curse light on the carfido, and th' inconstant wind
 That made me to go and leave my dear behind.
 Why if that be the case, said this very same friend
 And you be no more minded to roam.
 Give us a shake by the fist, all care's at an end,
 Dad's alive, and your wife's life at home.
 Stalk staring with joy, I leap'd out of my skin,
 Buil'd my wife, mother, and all of my kin.

Now cry'd I, let them roam
 Who want a good home,
 I am well, so I'll keep,
 Nor again leave the plough to go ploughing the
 Once more shall the horn [deep.
 Call me up in the morn,
 Nor shall any carfido, nor the inconstant wind,
 Ere tempt me to go and leave my dear behind.

Larre O Brian.

I AM lately return'd from the ocean,
 Where fire, blood, and balls are in motion,
 And for fighting I never had a notion,
 It will never do for Larre O'Brian;
 I could box on shore like a son of a whore,
 I could knock the dogs by my soul half a score
 I never tho't it elever for the balls to knock
 out the liver of poor Larre.
 Blood and ouns! where's the gaby that will
 tarry.

It will never do for Larre O'Brian,
 I am so tight that no one can come near me,
 And for wit I will engage no one can come
 near me,

And for fighting they all need to fear me.
 They will find their match in Larre O'Brian.
 So tight and so free, when I first went to sea,
 Who the devil should they pop in an office
 but me.

With my scraper, how vapour, blood and
 ouns! they made a sweeper of poor Larre
 Blood and ouns! where is the gaby that
 would tarry?

It will never do for Larre O'Brian.

There is a dirty little midship man milk sop
 And he orders me up to the tip top,
 And then my head went round like a whiptop

It was cruelly for Larre O'Brian,
 A sailor he went and he let down a rope,
 Where they ty'd it round my middle,
 And haul'd me up, I kept squeaking, I kept
 squeaking,
 While the devils they kept hauling of poor
 Larre.

While the sea was a bubbling.
 My stomach was sore grumbling.
 I wish'd myself safe into Dublin,
 Safe landed with Larre O'Brian.
 The first thing they gave me was like a sack
 Where one cut me down, by my soul, broke
 my neck,
 Where they whipt me, and stript me,
 Such a fagging, sure they tipt me, O poor
 Larre.

The next thing they all went to fighting,
 A thing that I never took delight in,
 A nasty dirty trick, they did me frighten,
 Sure they all smelt poor Larre O'Brian ;
 And the wood and the shot,
 And the devil knows what.
 I could not tell whether my head was on
 or not ;
 But free from pain, I left the main,
 And the devil may go there again for Larre

Bunker-Hill, or the Death of Gen. Warren.

Tune—Rolling Castle.

HE dy'd for his country—rain our tears,
 His death has banish'd all our fears ;
 You daughters of Columbia mourn,
 With tresses loose, and hearts forlorn :
 Amidst the heaps of British slain,
 Thy Warren's body strews the plain ;
 His precious blood was shed for you,
 O let us shed our tears in lieu.

When Britain's tyrant, o'er the waves,
 Had sent his slaves, to make you slaves,
 Thy gallant WARREN, fearless flood,
 And dar'd the angry torrents flood.
 Pale with affright, the foe retires,
 Swift as he hurls Columbia's fires :
 But now he's gone, his spirit flies
 From earth, and seeks its kindred skies.

You sons and daughters of the land,
 From all his virtues tears demand,
 You soldiers and you farmers, hear
 Your hero's glories with a tear.
 And you of Boston, who have seen
 Oft in your streets his warlike mein,
 Join in the general song of grief,
 Which freedom gives to freedom's chief.

The pretty Girl I Love.

JACH Oakham was a gallant tar,
 And doated on his lovely POLL,
 Whose charms were like the morning star,
 And radiant as the beams of Sol :

To live and for each other true,
 They swore by ev'ry saint above,
 And Jack wherever sailing to,
 Gave, Here's the pretty girl I love.

It happen'd once they made a port,
 Where beauty held its magic reign;
 And each bold tar in am'rous sport,
 Forgot the perils of the main:
 Round went the glass and jest at whim,
 The song and toast at ev'ry move;
 But Jack whene'er they call'd on him,
 Gave, here's the pretty girl I love.

Thus faithful Jack in ev'ry clime,
 True to his Poll, dwelt on her charms,
 As soon arriv'd the happy time,
 When each were lock'd in t'other's arms;
 Safe now they're moor'd on nuptial coast,
 And Jack once more his worth to prove;
 (When ask'd by friendship for his toast,)
 Gave, Here's the pretty girl I love.

The Gally Slave.

OH! think on my fate! I once freedom
 enjoy'd,
 Was happy as happy could be!
 But pleasure is fled! even hope is destroy'd;
 A captive, alas! on the sea!

I was ta'en by the foes, 'twas the fiat of fate
 To tear me from her I adore!
 When tho't brings to my mind my once
 happy state,
 I sigh! while I tug at the oar!

Hard, hard is my fate! Oh! how galling
 my chain!

My life is steer'd by misery's chart;
 And tho' against my tyrants I scom to com-
 plain,

Tears gush forth to ease my full heart;
 I disdain e'en to shrink, though I feel the
 sharp lash;

Yet my breast bleeds for her I adore!
 While round me the unfeeling billows
 will dash.

I sigh!--and still tug at the oar.

How fortune deceives, I had pleasure in tow,
 The port where she dwelt, in view;
 But the wish'd nuptial morn was o'er cloud-
 ed with woe;

And dear Anna, I was hurried from you!
 Our shallop was boarded, & I bourn away,
 To behold my Anna no more!

But despair wastes my spirits, my form
 feels decay!

He sigh'd—and capir'd at the oar.

The Old Maid's last Prayer.

COME all you pretty maidens, some older,
 some younger ;
 You all have got sweethearts, but I must stay
 longer,

Some sixteen, some eighteen, are happily married,
 Alas, how unequally such things are carried !

A limner, a penman, a tinker, a taylor,

A fidler, a pedler, a ploughman a sailor ;

Come gentle, come simple, come foolish, come witty
 Come don't let me die a maid, take me out of phy.

I have a sister Sally, she's younger than I am,
 She has so many sweethearts, she's oblig'd to de-
 ny them.

I never was guilty of denying any ;
 You all know my heart, I'd be thankful for any.

A limner, &c.

I have a sister Susan, she's ugly—ill-shapen,
 Before she was sixteen years old, she was taken ;
 Before she was eighteen, a son, and a daughter,
 And I'm six and thirty, and ne'er had an offer.

A limner, &c.

It has often been said by my father and mother,
 That going to one wedding, makes way for another
 If that be the case, I will go without bidding,
 And let the world judge if I don't want a wedding

A limner, &c.

I never will scold, I'll never be jealous,
 My husband shall have money to go to the ale-
 house,

While he's there spending, I'll be at home saving
 And I'll leave it to you all if I an't worth a having

A limner. &c.